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THE RESIDENCE OF THE FATHER OF CRABBE, THE POET.*

At the time the above Sketch was taken, the premises were occupied by a man connected with the Preventive Service; but it represents the large keeping-room; but its greatest charm to most of our readers will arise from its being an English interior of humble life, and a graphic memorial of Crabbe, rescuing from oblivion the only known transcript of a room in which many of his boyish days were passed.

The following poetical illustration is by Bernard Barton :

It stood beside the broad and billowy deep,
A humble dwelling, in its earlier day;
Over it thatch the winter-winds would sweep,
And on its walls oft beat the ocean spray;
As years roll'd on it fell into decay,
Sharing the doom that prouder piles must share;
And now its very form hath pass'd away,
"Buried amidst the wreck of things which were;"
Yet still its memory lives, cherish'd with grateful care.
For Genius hath immortalized the spot!
Blending it with the Poet's deathless name,
And casting round the memory of that cot,
The potent spell of his enduring fame;
Potent—because not won by numbers tame,
And common place, in flowers of fiction drest,
But by that TRUTH which form'd his proudest claim.
"Though nature's sternest Painter, yet the best!"
This was his highest claim, and this its deepest test.

* From that popular and entertaining annual,
"Faulkner's Ladies' Memorandum Book for 1839."
VOL. XXXII.

It was not his to sing of rural swains,
In strains arduous, caught from days of Yore,
Painting their hopes an' fears, their joys and pain,
To classic models true—and nothing more;
He sang them, as he found them on the shore
Of the wild ocean, "an amphibious race;
Yet not unmindful, in their varied store
Of good and ill—of each redeeming grace.
Though "few and far between" which truth allow'd
to trace.

'Tis in the sterling truth, and sober sense,
Legible in his deeply moral lay,
Are found "the head and front of the offence;"
For which some still his graphic page gainsay;
Poetry was with him no push-pin play!
But Nature's voice, the heart's interpreter;
And by this standard tested, even they
Who at his darker touches most d' mur,
Must own him of his themes a faithful chronicler.
Sailors and Smugglers, Gypsies, Ponchers, Boors,
Fishers, and Publicans; a motley throng;
The life those led, or in, or out of doors,
Such, chiefly, form'd the staple of his song;
His lot was cast, by circumstance, among
Those samples of our kind; and are they not
All HUMAN beings? marri'd by much of wrong,
And stain'd by many a foul and flagrant blot
They are—yet from our race all these divorce them
not!

Bradford, the Martyr, when he once beheld
A criminal to execution led,
Exclaim'd, "had not the grace of God withheld
My feet from wandering in a path as dross'd,
Such portion had been mine!" "Twas nobly said;
And he who, on the Gospel's humbling plan,
Foxbears to judge another, but instead,
Turns inward his own evil there to scan,
Feels sympathy for all, bearing the name of Man!

And this is the redeeming charm that lends
Its lustre to our Suffolk Poet's page;—
A spirit of humanity—that blends
Our lighter lot on life's eventful stage,
With theirs, whose hardships seem their heritage;
Instructing us, ere harshly we condemn,
To bear in mind the warfare they may wage,
The rougher tide which they may have to stem,
A lesson, taught aright, which leads to pity them.
Then turn not from his pages—tho' they bear
The brand of much that virtue must reprove;
Much is there truest sympathy to share,
Much to be pitied, somewhat, too, to love!
It is the part of wisdom from above
To sever, as by alchymy sublime,
Feelings and impulses to view which move,
From those which bid our spirits upward climb,
The criminal to mourn, e'en while we loathe the
crime!

Hence those who truly know, and feel his worth,
This frail memorial of his boyish years,
Will love and cherish: here perchance had birth,
That mastery o'er the source of smiles and tears,
Which still his minstrel memory endears;
And e'en this humble room becomes a shrine,
Where all who justly rate the hopes and fears
That in our human hearts must ay combine,
May fitly frame a wreath his honour'd brow to twine!

THE LAST MAN IN TOWN.

How silent and gloomy does London appear,
The late scene of mirth and renown;
Not the sound of a carriage now strikes on the ear,
Save the cab of the "Last Man in Town."

The houses deserted in each square and street,
Seem darkly upon you to frown;
Not a sound do you hear, not a soul do you meet,
Save the shade of the "Last Man in Town."

Should the cool evening breeze for a stroll you invite,
And to Regent Street should you repair;
No laughter is heard to enliven the night,
And no longer cigars smell the air.

If "solus in vates" a dandy you see,
Who uneasily walks up and down;
Whatever he is, or whoever he be,
Be sure he's the "Last Man in Town."

The Parliament ended—the members have flown,
And nobles and dukes of renown,
Have dispersed in the country, and left all alone
The mysterious "Last Man in Town."

Our young Queen has also deserted the City,
Whom may health and prosperity crown;
And as I am off, too, I do heartily pity,
The fate of the "Last Man in Town."

C. K. SALA.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

See! the delicate pages as yet untraced
By the hand of the Muse or the pencil of taste;
And it looks like the ocean, all dreary and wide,
No bark on its waves and no shore on its side.
Yet on Tadmor the desert, Palmyra was seen
To rise like a vision, a beautiful dream;
So on the waste leaves of my Album may be
A column erected to Friendship and thee.
May the graphist illumine it with tracery bright,
And the poet inscribe it with letters of light.
And each friend that I love give a flower or gem,
To garland the shrine in remembrance of them.

THE following epigrammatic epitaph, on DANIEL BLACKFORD, Esq., who died in 1691, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, may be seen in the village church of Oxhill, Warwickshire:—

"When I was young, I ventured life and blood,
Both for my king and for my country's good;
In elder years my care was chief to be,
Soldier to Him who shed his blood for me."

A. R.

Manners and Customs.

A RESIDENCE IN NEW ZEALAND BETWEEN
THE YEARS 1831 AND 1838.

By J. S. POLACK, Esq., Member of the Colonial Society
of London.*

[WE have already, in the last volume, and in former numbers of the present, given an account, generally, of the colonization of New Zealand, as well as a description of the country, its mountains, minerals, natives, &c. Mr. Polack's work, therefore, has been anticipated. But there is, in the volume before us, matter so replete with interest respecting the southern regions, that our readers might well blame us were we not to cater for their instruction and amusement, by occasional extracts from this valuable tome. Mr. Polack states in his preface, "that having been for many years sequestered from the society of literary men, and from access to works emanating from them, matter rather than manner has been the object he had in view." How far such a semiapologetic tone was necessary is left to the perusers of our extracts to determine.]

Method of Cooking in New Zealand.

In the meanwhile my companions had lighted a fire; one of them taking a musket, and placing some priming in the pan of the lock, closed up the touch-hole; against which he applied a piece of his flaxen garment, previously made soft by friction; he then pulled the trigger of the piece, which, communicating some sparks to the flax, produced a flame by being gently waved to and fro. Some of the lads had applied themselves to scraping potatoes and kumeras, which they prepared with much celerity with the aid of a mussel-shell; others had collected stones, and deposited them in a hole, previously dug in the ground, near the beach, over some firewood which had been ignited. The stones having been made red-hot, the provisions, which consisted of fish procured at Moperi, after being cleansed and bound up in the leaves of the kahá, or wild turnip, which almost covers every spare surface of vegetable soil in the country, together with the potatoes and kumeras, were all placed in a basket on the hot stones, which were arranged so as to surround the food. Some leaves and old baskets were placed over the first that had been deposited within the hole, and pouring some water from a calabash, the steam that arose in consequence was speedily enclosed, by earth being thrown over the whole, so that the steam could not escape,—every gap being carefully closed up. Within twenty minutes the provisions were excellently cooked, and fit for eating.

* Published by Bentley, London, 1838.

"Háká," or Dance of Welcome.

After each of my retinue were presented to the chief, partaking of the honour of the *oangi*, or salutation, the *háká*, or dance of welcome, was performed; this was commenced by our entertainers, who placed themselves in an extended line, in ranks four deep. This dance, to a stranger witnessing it for the first time, is calculated to excite the most alarming fears; the entire body of performers, male and female, free and bond, were mixed together, without reference to the rank they held in the community. All the male performers were quite naked, except the cartouch-box around the body, filled with ball cartridges. All were armed with muskets, or bayonets put on the ends of spears or sticks; the young women, including the wives of the chief, joined in this dance of rejoicing and welcome; the females had left exposed their budding charms to the waist, from which was appended two stout handsome garments of the silken flax.

In the chant that accompanied the dance, proper time was kept, as was equally well displayed in the various performances of agility exhibited in these *hákás*, especially in the perpendicular jump from the ground, which is often repeated in a simultaneous manner, as if the whole body of performers were actuated by one impulse. Every person tries to outvie his companion in these voluntary movements. The implements with which they arm themselves are brandished at the same moment, and the distortion of countenance, with the long tresses of hair that often adorn either sex, give them the appearance of an army of Gorgons, with snakelike locks, as was represented on the *oangi* of Pallas. The ladies performed their utmost, in adding to the singularity of the scene, wielding spears made of the *kaikatoe*-tree, and paddles of the same popular wood. The countenances of all were distorted into every possible shape permitted by the muscles of the human face divine: every new grimace was instantly adopted by all the performers in exact unison: thus, if one commenced screwing his face with a rigidity, as if the appliance of a vice had been made use of, he was followed *instantly* by the whole body with a similar gesticulation, so that, at times, the whites of the eyes were only visible, the eye-balls rolling to and fro in their sockets. Altogether their countenances, aided by the colours with which they had daubed themselves, presented so horrible a spectacle, that I was fain glad to relieve myself, by withdrawing my gaze. The tongue was thrust out of the mouth, with an extension impossible for a European to copy: early and long practice only could accomplish it. The deafening noise made in joining chorus, added to the resound produced by the blow the performers struck themselves with the flattened hand on

the left breast, gave a lively picture of the effect these dances must produce in times of war, in raising the bravery, and heightening the antipathy that is felt by the contending parties against each other.

"Tangi," or Lament.

The first couple that paired off in this singular manifestation of social feelings, was the ancient chief, and companion of my journey. As soon as he recognised the old lady, his wife, mother to Peroué, and she perceived in return her liege lord, an affecting scene took place between those loving relatives. The old lady made room for the chief, who sat himself down by her side, on a part of the bushes of fern that had been spread for his wife. They pressed noses for some time together, (rather an unpleasant coalition in winter,) and both appeared too much absorbed in grief to utter a word to each other for some time. They hid their heads within one garment; and, entwining each other, burst forth into a violent flood of tears, giving vent to the most dismal moans, and weeping bitterly. At intervals, when their tears permitted, each sung, or chanted, in doleful strains, the occurrences that had taken place during each other's absence.

This chant was taken up by turns: at the conclusion of each sentence they groaned in *duetto*; they were certainly much affected. These *Jeremiads* are such a luxury to the natives of the country, that I have seen, in the middle of a *takáro*, or play, a person suddenly rise and propose a "tangi," and the play has been immediately abandoned for this doleful substitute. Nor was this all; that an additional zest might be given to the entertainment, sharp-mussel-shells were used to excoriate the body; and, in a short time, streams of blood trickled down the face, arms, and every part of the body of each performer. The *tangi* was not confined to the two old people; as each of my retinue had been appropriated by some quondam relative—one having found a sister, another a wife, some a *matau kaka*, or relation and parent by adoption, a common practice among those people. Their scanty garments were soon soaked through with tears, and some were almost saturated with the blood of themselves and their companions. Mussel-shells were principally in request among the ladies, whose bodies also streamed with blood. To attempt to prevent such copious bleedings would have been ineffectual: yet, often a single drop from the arm, breast, or forehead, is deemed satisfactory; however, it was not so on the above occasion.

This mournful chorus was kept up for a full half-hour, which reminded me much of the idolatrous practices of the ancient nations around Palestine, whose names are blotted out from mankind, and of which, a merciful dispensation forbade the practice.

of the *Incantation.*
I went and joined the old magician, who was entirely stripped, as were five chiefs who were also officiating. They all eagerly asked me in a breath, if I had eaten of any thing; to their evident satisfaction, I answered in the negative. They then requested me to return to the village, as the rites they had to perform were forbidden to be seen by any person but the priesthood. I told them I would willingly comply with their request, but would not answer for the irritability of my appetite, which was not to be thwarted when anything was to be got. This induced them to allow me to remain, on the ground that I was a European. They then applied themselves to fixing in the ground some small sticks, about two feet each in length. I was now given to understand the ceremony was an oracular consultation whether my party, including myself, was to perform our journey in safety or otherwise. Each stick stood for one person; my representative was distinguished by a small piece of raupo flag being attached to the head of the stick. On the top of the stick was placed a *kirikiri*, or gravel-stone; these were to remain on the stick for an hour; and, if none of the stones fell on the earth, our journey was to be propitious, and which ever stone fell, death would ensue in some shape to the person represented.

Friendly Robbery.

We met two several parties, one of whom had come from some distance to attend the *Haihunga* at Waipoa; the others were congregated together, on a stripping excursion, to rob some of their friends who resided at the southward, whose chiefs had been changing their solitary celibacy for marriage bliss; and, consequently, had rendered themselves fit objects for plunder by the laws of their country. Such are the inconsistent customs of the New Zealanders.

I afterwards heard this party were too late, as the married men had been robbed of every article of property the day of their espousals. All my property was perfectly safe among them. This party were unconscious of doing otherwise than an act of justice; and entered on this duty with the self-satisfied feelings of a respectable body of civilians, who exert their uncompromising services in carrying the municipal enactments of their city into execution. Every person of the party had "suffered the law" at earlier periods, and the pleasing duty of the *lex talionis* had now devolved on these sympathetic folks.

"Haihunga," or Feast of Exhumation.

The *Haihunga* is a feast, instituted by various tribes, to commemorate the actions of the illustrious dead. The bones of the defunct warriors are scraped clean, with mussel shells, from all superfluous flesh,

washed in a tapued stream, and placed in the cemetery. From this place they are brought forth by the clergy of the district, who undertake this sacred office in procession, joining in an anti-tropical chant, during which the actions of the departed are elaborately dwelt upon, and exaggerated, whose spirits are supposed to have become apotheosised.

This ceremony is regarded with peculiar awe, as the new divinity is expected to watch over the proceedings of the *Haihunga*. In former commemorations of this feast, it was the practice to sacrifice slaves as a native offering to the manes of the departed; but from the scarcity in the slave-market of late years (their services being at a premium), the multitude are restricted from this much-esteemed food, and are now obliged to felicitate themselves on *only* a bit of pork.

Method of Catching Birds.

The natives employ various methods in catching birds.

The pigeon, or *kukupā*, is caught by the fowler placing a leaf, similar to the spear-grass, between his lips, and whistling, imitates the peculiar note of the bird; which, attracted by the sound, gradually approaches nearer to the *siffleur*, hopping from twig to spray, till, resting close to him, it is gradually lulled asleep by the note; this is soon perceived by the bird nestling its head under its wing: it is then easily killed, by a pointed stick of hardwood being thrown at it.

Another method in use by the people, is to erect, with palm-leaves, a small hut, to conceal the person of the fowler, who takes a female bird of the kind he wishes to capture, which he secures from flight, by making a string fast to her leg: he then allows her to fly through a hole made through the roof, and he imitates the cooing note of the species. This soon attracts the feathered race around, and, by dint of patience, a good voice, talent of imitation, and the decoy-bird, the fowler may capture as many birds as he pleases, who follow the decoy within the hole, and are then entrapped.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

PROFESSOR TRAILL, of Edinburgh, has just completed a volume on this very interesting branch of science. This treatise is embodied in the seventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, recently published by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh, and it is also printed in a detached form.

This science, which is one of those that afford the most convincing arguments to prove the perfect wisdom of the Divine Creator of all things, is of recent origin in its strictly philosophical sense. Much of terrestrial na-

ture yet remains to be explored; the surface of our globe is as yet but partially known; and although every age adds considerably to the information of mankind, this exhaustless field will, for ages to come, afford materials to exercise the industry, and reward the investigations of the philosophical inquirer.

We regret that our limits do not allow us to give any long extracts, even from works of this elevated class, but we cannot avoid giving a few short but surprising facts with which most of our readers will be entertained:—“Taking the whole surface of the globe as equal to 196,836,658 square miles, and as the land is to the water in the proportion of nearly 266,734, it follows that the whole land occupies a surface of 52,363,231 square miles, and the ocean has an area of 144,473,427 square miles.”

The whole surface of the dry land is elevated more or less above the general level of the ocean, with some remarkable exceptions, which have only of late years been detected by barometrical measurements, which have shown that a vast area of central Asia, “no less than 18,000 square leagues, is considerably below the level of the ocean,” including the Caspian Sea and Lake of Aral, the surfaces of which have recently been shown to be 101·2 feet lower than the surface of the Black Sea. Therefore, should any convolution of nature, like those which earthquakes are known to produce, depress the low sandy tract which now separates the sea of Asoph and the Caspian, the waters of the Euxine, and also of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, would inundate an enormous extent of the sandy steppes of Asia, and entirely change the climate and face of that portion of the globe.

It has also lately been proved, by the experiments of G. Moore, Beck, and Professor Schubert, that the surface of the Dead Sea is 598 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and the surface of the lake of Tiberias, from which the river Jordan runs into the Dead Sea, is 500 feet below the surface of the same sea. The lake of Genesareth is also considerably below the level of the Mediterranean, so that, should any disruption of the land take place which separates the latter from the former, a tremendous deluge must be the consequence in Palestine and Arabia.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

Translated from the French.

(*For the Mirror.*)

ZENNEQUIN, THE HERO OF CASSEL.

In the year 1328, Louis de Crecy, Count of Flanders and Artois, found it necessary to call to his assistance his sovereign lord, Philip of Valois, King of France, in order to reduce the revolutionary Flemings to subjection. While the French army was preparing

for the invasion, Count Louis, ready to resume his authority, and eager to be revenged on his rebellious subjects, laid them under new and heavy taxes.

The inhabitants of Cassel, hitherto strangers to rebellion, lived peaceably and happily on the produce of their excellent butter—not only famed throughout Flanders, but also in the neighbouring kingdoms. The extremes of poverty and riches were alike unknown in Cassel, whose citizens, united among themselves, and proud of their industry, which insured them an honest independence, had never solicited the grace or favour of their sovereign. He, on his part, appeared to have forgot the existence of this portion of his subjects. Submission to the laws, and bearing their share of the public burdens, they might have quietly passed over the disastrous reign of Louis de Crecy, except for the injustice of this prince, and the existence of a man born five hundred years too soon.

Louis, all at once recollecting Cassel, thought proper to lay a most exorbitant impost on the object of its industry,—an impost that would rob the inhabitants of the fruits of their labour, and prevent them from competing with other cities of Flanders.

The Casselaise, finding it impossible to pay this unjust tax, were reduced to a state of desperation, and, animated by the imprudent but noble indignation of a weaver, named Zennequin, they refused to submit to the edict of their sovereign, and drove from their city the officers charged with the receipt of the obnoxious duty.

“Casselaise,” cried Zennequin, knitting his brows and clenching his hands convulsively, “will you submit to be treated like vile slaves, and robbed of the fruits of your industry? Are you ignorant of your strength? Have you degenerated from the valour of your ancestors, who, from time immemorial, have been the Voorvechters (Vanguard,) in the day of battle; imitate, at least, the bee, that does not suffer himself to be robbed of the fruits of his honest labour without making his despoiler feel the effects of his sting? What do you fear? Entrenched behind your fortifications, on an elevated rock, you can count the number of your enemies, and hurl them down the precipice before they can even attempt to scale your walls; it is not enough to have refused obedience, we must attack this vile vassal of Philip the Sixth, and compel him to keep his oaths. There (pointing with his hand,) was the tower built by the Romans to overawe our brave forefathers, the day of popular vengeance came, and it was levelled with the ground. The castle which has been raised on its ruins has long served to oppress us; let us raze to its foundation this feudal monument, before it is occupied by the satellites of the tyrant, and bury ourselves under the ruins rather than live

in a state of slavery!! While Louis was just, we yielded obedience. He swore to preserve our rights and franchises, but his perjury has absolved us from our allegiance, and sanctioned our resistance. Let those among you to whom liberty is dearer than life, follow me, and we will conquer or die!!—Call me fellow-soldier, or leader—it matters not—my only object is to deliver my country from oppression."

Electrified by this patriotic address, the Casselaise, led by Zennequin, rushed to arms, but, before they could effect the expulsion of the prince's partisans from the castle, a report was spread that Count Louis was advancing with his allies, to take vengeance on them; and soon after the victorious army of Philip surrounded the town. "We are lost," exclaimed the Casselaise. "Fear nothing," answered Zennequin, "I sacrifice myself to save you. If I fail in my attempt, I shall at least be spared the mortification of seeing our city in the hands of strangers—I only ask one favour—hold out till to-morrow." His fellow citizens, misled by the assurance of Zennequin, had the hardihood to defy the herald of Philip;—they exhibited to him the revolutionary flag, on which was designed a cock, with the following inscription :

"Quand ee coy chantè aura
Le Roi Gauvain sonnâtre."

Le Roi Cassel conquêtera."* and fixed it, in his presence, to the steeple of the church.

About midnight, Zennequin issued from the town by a postern, and crept into the French camp, with the intention of taking the king's life; thinking by this daring act to put an end to the war, and save his fellow-citizens.

His courage was, at first, crowned with success; the sentinels, surprised and poignarded, were unable to give the alarm, and Zennequin had penetrated into the interior of the royal tent, where the king was fast asleep. At the moment he was raising his hand, in which was firmly grasped the deadly weapon, his foot became entangled in the drapery of the royal couch, and his attempt to disengage it, awoke the king. The assassin threw himself upon him, and a terrible struggle ensued; but the soldiers were roused by the noise, and the hero of Cassel, after selling his life dearly, fell at last, pierced with innumerable wounds, imploring forgiveness for his countrymen.

The name of this man, to whose tremor Greece or Rome would have reared the noblest monuments, is hardly known in his own country.

A battle, in which sixteen thousand Flemings perished, was the result of this event. Cassel was taken, sacked, and burnt, and has never recovered its former prosperity.

"Sooner will crow this chanticleer
Than tyrant king shall enter here.

Anecdote Gallery.

ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

(Translated from German Authors.)

Haydn.—Frederick II.'s first music-master was Haydn, organist of the cathedral. He had taught him to play on the piano, and Frederick was sincerely attached to him. Haydn had a son whom Frederick, on his accession, installed in the office of receiver of the excises at Rupia. This scion of the great emperor contracted debts, and even went so far as to appropriate to his own use the public money he, in virtue of his office, was in the habit of receiving. The king, on hearing this, sent for the father; the poor man trembled with anxiety and fear, and expected to be greeted with reproaches and angry remarks. The monarch, however, received him most graciously, inquiring after his health, whether he had composed any new opera, &c. At length, he said : "By-the-bye, I understand your son does not behave himself as he should. I see, the lad is not fit for the post; I will get him another directly; but tell him to be more on his guard." Haydn was so astonished at this act of generosity, that, on reaching his apartment, he pulled off his wig, threw it to the other end of the room, and, running after it, cried : "Never was there such a king!—Long live the king!"

Raphael.—Raphael had sense enough not to be offended at any remarks made on his works, but he liked them to be rational and in place. Two cardinals one day found fault with the complexions given to Peter and Paul in a picture, saying they were too red. "Gentlemen," answered the painter, with an air of extreme wonder, "and does that excite your surprise? don't you see that this redness you complain of proceeds from the unspakable joy they experienced at seeing the church so admirably governed? I have painted them such as they are in heaven!"

Frederick II.—A page who had not been long in his majesty's service, one morning early made his appearance in the king's chamber, he had been ordered to awake him at that hour. "Your majesty," said he, "it is time to get up."—"Oh ! I am so tired," replied the king, "wait a little longer."—"Your majesty ordered me to awake you early."—"Only quarter of an hour more, and then I will rise," said the sleepy monarch. "No, sire, not a minute ! and you must get up."—"Well done !" cried Frederick, leaping off the bed, "you are a fine fellow ! That's the way to do your duty !" At the close of the seven years' war, Frederick, in company with his brother Henry, made a progress through Silesia. They visited, among other places, a small town

men. The prior, as a particular favour, begged permission to take young novices. The king graciously granted it, but, turning to his brother, he said in French, a language he did not suppose the prior to be conversant with, "We will send him a pair of donkies; I have a couple of very fine ones."—"I am exceedingly obliged to you," observed the prior, with inimitable coolness, "and my first duty will be to christen them Frederick and Henry."

Buffon.—Buffon never had any of his works sent to the press, without first submitting the manuscript to Montbelliard. This gentleman, on returning him his "Epoques de la Nature," wrote on the paper which enclosed them, "I have discovered another epoch, my illustrious friend!"—"That is their way," cried Buffon, with disappointment, "they have no feeling, no sympathy—each one more ill-natured than the other—never speak, but when it is too late—that's not kindness—" and angrily tearing off the envelope, he discovered a slip of paper, on which was written four lines of poetry, to the purport, that to all admirers of Nature, the day that brought Buffon into the world, must be a new epoch.

Henri IV.—A Spanish ambassador once asked this monarch, which of his ministers he considered the best, that he might treat with him. The King immediately sent for his Chancellor, Mr. Villeroy, and Sully, saying he would let him judge for himself. Then questioning them severally, he said to the Chancellor, pointing at the same time to some cracks in the floor, "Do you not think, Monsieur le Chancelier, that this house is not safe? I mean to move directly, and repair to Fontainbleau."—"Sire," answered the Chancellor, "you cannot do better; this building is in a tottering state, and your Majesty is in danger." Mr. de Villeroy came next, and the king having made the same observation to him: "Sire," said he, "were it not best to consult the architects first?" And then came Sully's turn; he carefully inspected the cracks, stamped on the floor, and made several other experiments, after which, he said: "I see nothing here to alarm your Majesty—this building will outlive us all." Having then dismissed them, he said to the ambassador: "You now know my three ministers; the Chancellor says any thing I please; Mr. de Villeroy says nothing at all; and Sully tells me what he thinks, and he always thinks rightly."

Henri IV. had made a written promise to the Marchioness of Verneuil to espouse her. Before, however, placing it in her hands, he submitted it to Sully, asking him his opinion. Sully at once tore the paper to pieces, and appeared incapable of expressing his feelings on the subject. "Are you mad?" said

Henry.—"I wish," replied his faithful minister, "I were the only fool in France."

Mesmer.—This celebrated magnetizer once boasted of having it in his power to render a whole herd of cattle immovable. "I really believe you," observed a certain Abé L—, "I don't in the least doubt but that you have all power over the stupid and irrational part of the creation."

Louis XVI.—And what do you think of the three last reigns?—you have lived in all three of them," said this king to the Duke of Richelieu.—"Sire, under Louis XIV., no one durst speak; in Louis XV.'s reign people spoke in an under tone, and under your Majesty every one speaks as loud as he pleases."

Voltaire.—Voltaire used frequently to say to his publishers: "I beg you will not print more of my works than you can help—the greater the load, the more difficulty I shall have in reaching posterity." The philosopher was incessantly troubled with authors, who submitted their works to his examination. On one occasion, his opinion having been rather haughtily required, he returned the book, passing his pen over the three last letters of the word "Finis."

Marshal Saxe.—"Here's peace concluded," said the marshal; "we shall now be laid aside and forgotten:—we are like cloaks—only wanted in rough weather."

Catherine de Medicis.—The death of this infamous queen, was adverted to in the following manner, by a country preacher:—"Catherine is dead—it is now a question whether the Catholic church ought to pray for her. You may, however, risk a Pater and an Ave, it can do no harm, however little the chance may be that it stands of doing her any good."

Louis XIV.—The Grand Monarch once said to one of his courtiers, whose simplicity he was well aware of:—"Do you know Spanish?"—"No, sire."—"I am very sorry for it."—"I will learn it," replied the courtier, whose imagination was immediately fired with the thought of the possibility, that he might be appointed ambassador to the Spanish court. He accordingly applied himself with the utmost assiduity to his task, and in a short time again presented himself to the king; "Sire," said he, "I now know Spanish well, and can talk and read it with ease."—"Indeed," answered Louis, "I am very glad of that—you can now read Don Quixote in the original."

H. M.

Buonaparte MSS.—A number of letters and other documents written by Buonaparte, when between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one, have been found in Corsica by M. Bianqui; they contain much curious matter, and are likely to be published.



MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF SIR HENRY LEE.

QUARRINGTON is situated about two miles north-west of Aylesbury, in the county of Bucks, formerly the residence of the Lees, afterwards Earls of Lichfield: it contains nothing of importance except the monuments in the chapel, which present a sad picture of neglect and dilapidation. The body of this fabric is divested of its seats, ceiling, and almost every fragment that could preserve the memory of the holy purpose for which it was designed. On a black marble tablet, fixed against the wall at the upper end of the chancel, is this inscription:—

101. *Memoria Sacra.*

SIR HENRY LEE, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, son of Sir Anthony Lee, and Dame Margaret, his wife, daughter of Sir Henry Wiat, counsellor to the two kings of famous memory, Henrion the Seventh and Eight. He was born in Kent, under the care of his uncle, Sir Henry Wiat, of

Arlington Castle, and was bred in the court of Henry VIII. He was employed in services in Scotland, under Queen Mary, at whose death he travelled in France, Holland, and Germany, and returned to England a finished traveller. In 1573, he was employed by Elizabeth in Scotland, and was present at the Siege of Edinburgh: he was appointed by his royal mistress, Lieutenant of the royal manor of Woodstock, and to the office of the royal armoury; he received at her majesty's hands, the noblest order of the Garter: he built four goodly mansions; revived the ruins of *this* chapel, and having served five succeeding princes, "with a body bent to earth, and a mind erected to heaven," he died, aged 80.

Near this is a magnificent altar-mount, the subject of the above engraving, supported with sur-coats, and helmets, and adorned with banners, battle-axes, and javelins. On it is the figure of the knight, in complete armour, with a surcoat, collar, and George of

the Order of the Garter: head reposing on a helmet, with his arms at top, surmounted by a plume of feathers. Over the effigies of the knight, is this inscription:—

Fide & Constantia—Vixit Deo patre & amicis . . .
annos
Fide & Constantia—Christo spiritum carnem sepi-
chro commendavi
Fide & Constantia—Scio, credo, expecto mortuum
resurrectionem.

Beneath on a black tablet are the following lines:—

If Fortunes stores or Natvres wealth command
They both unto his virtues praise did lende
The warrs abroades with honor he did passe
In courtly Jvsus his Sovereign Knight he was
Sixe princes he did serve, and in the fughte
And change of state did keep himself upright
With faith vntaught spouesse and cleare his name
So pvre that Euyv could not wrong the same
All but his virtue now (so vaine is breth)
Tovrnd dyst ly here in the cold arms of death
Thus Fortunes and genthle favours sye
When virtue conquers death and destyno.

THE POOR WOMAN'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

[THE following verses, by Mrs. Gilius (late Mrs. Leman Grimstone,) originally appeared in the "Tatler,"* in March 1832. Their deep feeling and mild domestic pathos have led to their re-publication in many quarters, with little concern as to who was their author. Latterly they have been travelling in the United States; and there the authorship has been assigned to an "American lady, a member of the Society of Friends." Whether any lady so connected has been willing to "own the soft impeachment" we know not; but knowing well the true parentage, we are glad of an occasion to do an act of justice, and at the same time enrich our own columns.]

You took me, Colin, when a girl, unto your home
and heart,
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forgo—
Or pin'd there was not joy for me, when you were
sunk in woe?
No—I would rather share your tear, than any other's
glove.
For though you're nothing to the world, you're all
the world to me;
You make a palace of my shed—this rough-hewn
bench a throne—
There's sunlight for me in your smile, and music in
your tone.
I look upon you when you sleep, my eyes with tears
grow dim;
Every, 'O Parent of the poor, look down from Heaven
on him—
Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength
and soul—
O look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make
him whole!'
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids
smiled,
(How oft are ye forbade to close in slumber, by my
child;
I take the little murmur, that spoils my span of
rest,
And feel it is a part of *thee* I lull upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave—I may not need it
long,
To say * A daily publication, long since discontinued.

And it may soothe thee when I'm where—the
wretched feel no wrong!
I ask not for a kinder tone—for thou wert ever kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare—my fare I do not mind;
I ask not for attire more gay,—if such as I have got
Suffic to make me fair to *thee*, for more I murmur
not.
But I would ask some share of hours that you at
clubs bestow—
Of knowledge that you prize so much, might I not
something know?
Subtract from meetings among men, each eve, an
hour for me—
Make me companion of your soul, as I may surely
be!
If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think, when
you're away—
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear Colin, of your
stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious
hours—
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage
flowers.
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and
kind;
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my
mind your mind.

M. L. G.

EXHUMATION OF A ROMAN MOSAIC PAVEMENT.

In page 349 of this volume, mention is made of the discovery of some antiquities, supposed to have been of Roman origin; this supposition has received, within the last few days, further confirmation by the exhumation of an almost perfect floor of tessellated pavement, situated in a beautiful valley near the Thames, about two miles from the scene of the former discovery. It is conjectured to have been the floor in the chamber of a Roman villa. The pavement is formed of "quarrels," or the small, irregularly square, detached tesserae, so characteristic of Greek and Roman manufacture, and the figures are of the most elaborate and beautiful design. The ornamental portion, constituting the centre of the floor, is eight feet square, of four distinct colours, viz., red, gray, brown, and white. The colour appears to be formed of a species of fire-hardened cement, laid upon the surface of the tesserae, for it is superficial, and does not pervade its whole structure. The discovery has excited much interest: a great many persons from distant parts of the country, artists, and scientific gentlemen, having visited the spot, they are unanimous in declaring the floor to be a beautiful and interesting specimen of ancient art. The site of the house (or, as some imagine it to have been, military tent) can be traced with tolerable accuracy by the lines of mortar, charcoal, and flints, used in the foundation. Two human skeletons were lying exterior to the walls, near one of which a Roman coin was found, and by the side of the other a curious species of broad sword, which antiquarians suppose to be identical with that used by the Auxiliary Legions. Orders have been given by Mr. Brunel, the engineer, for the whole to be preserved entire.

New Books.

DR. URE'S DICTIONARY OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND MINES.

It has seldom been our lot, even in this prolific age of useful publications, to notice a work which possesses such high claims to public favour, as Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines. The appearance of such a work would, under any circumstances, have of itself proved sufficient to draw attention to its merits: but supported, as the present publication is, by the name of Dr. Ure, whose long and intimate acquaintance with every branch of practical science, at once eminently qualifies him for the office of a public instructor, and guarantees the accuracy and value of his knowledge, we may reasonably presume, it will secure for itself an amount of patronage commensurate with its intrinsic importance. On perusing the *Prospectus* of the work in question, we were struck with the large category of classes for whose use it was intended to be available, and could, with difficulty, repress our anxiety to see how far the alleged universality of its utility would be borne out by its actual appearance. The fourth Monthly Part is now before us: and we have no hesitation in declaring, that Dr. Ure has thus far fully redeemed the pledges set forth in his *Prospectus*; and is engaged in making an invaluable addition to the scientific literature of the country. While the grand object of the author is to impart such instruction in the multifarious manufacturing processes and chemical combinations, as will enable manufacturers and tradesmen, generally, to comprehend the principles on which their operations depend. There is no class in the community whose interests do not come more or less within the sphere of his arrangement. The merchant, the broker, the engineer, the chemist, the drysalter, will find here, illustrated, many of the most minute and interesting details of their respective avocations; and even the legislator may collect from the clear exposition of our staple manufactures, submitted to his notice, materials for forming just ideas of the sources and principles of national industry. Nor do its merits rest here: for while, on the one hand, the subjects treated of are illustrated by numerous well-executed wood-cuts and diagrams; on the other, by reducing the dialect of science to the familiar language of the community, the author contrives to conduct us through the maze of the most intricate mechanical processes and transformations of matter, with a simplicity and perspicuity of style, which render his work perfectly intelligible to the general reader.

It is difficult to make a selection from a work which presents so many claims to our

attention; but we cannot refrain from exhibiting here a specimen of its popular character, by extracting from its contents a succinct account of the history of the art of DYEING; only premising, that the reader will find in the work itself, appended to these preliminary remarks, a detailed view of the theory of colours, and of the general processes involved in this curious and interesting art.]

DYEING (*Teinture, Fr.; Färberei, Germ.*) is the art of impregnating wool, silk, cotton, linen, hair, and skins, with colours not removable by washing, or the ordinary usage to which these fibrous bodies are exposed, when worked up into articles of furniture or raiment. Dyeing is altogether a chemical process, and requires for its due explanation and practice an acquaintance with the properties of the elementary bodies, and the laws which regulate their combinations. It is true that many operations of this, as of other chemical arts, have been practised from the most ancient times, long before any just views were entertained of the nature of the changes that took place. Mankind, equally in the rudest and most refined state, have always sought to gratify the love of distinction, by staining their dress, sometimes even their skin, with gaudy colours. Moses speaks of raiment dyed blue, and purple, and scarlet; and of sheep-skins dyed red: circumstances which indicate no small degree of tinctorial skill. He enjoins purple stoffs for the works of the tabernacle, and the vestments of the high-priest.

In the article CALICO-PRINTING, I have shown from Pliny, that the ancient Egyptians cultivated that art, with some degree of scientific precision, since they knew the use of mordants, or those substances which, though they may impart no colour themselves, yet enable white robes (*candida vela*) to absorb colouring drugs (*colorem sorbentibus medicamentis*). Tyre, however, was the nation of antiquity which made dyeing its chief occupation and the staple of its commerce. There is little doubt that purple, the sacred symbol of royal and sacerdotal dignity, was a colour discovered in that city, and that it contributed to its opulence and grandeur. Homer marks no less the value than the antiquity of this dye, by describing his heroes as arrayed in purple robes. Purple habits are mentioned among the presents made to Gideon, by the Israelites, from the spoils of the kings of Midian.

The juice employed for communicating this dye was obtained from two different kinds of shell-fish, described by Pliny under the names of *purpura* and *buccinum*; and was extracted from a small vessel or sac, in their throats, to the amount of only one drop from each animal. A darker and inferior colour was also procured by crushing the

whole substance of the *buccinum*. A certain quantity of the juice collected from a vast number of shells being treated with sea salt, was allowed to ripen for three days; after which it was diluted with five times its bulk of water, kept at a moderate heat for six days more, occasionally skimmed to separate the animal membranes, and when thus clarified, was applied directly as a dye to white wool, previously prepared for this purpose by the action of lime-water, or of a species of lichen called *fucus*. Two operations were requisite to communicate the finest Tyrian purple; the first consisted in plunging the wool into the juice of the purpura; the second, into that of the *buccinum*. Fifty drachms of wool required one hundred of the former liquor, and two hundred of the latter. Sometimes a preliminary tint was given with *coccus*, the kermes of the present day, and the cloth received merely a finish from the precious animal juice. The colours, though probably not nearly so brilliant as those producible by our cochineal, seem to have been very durable, for Plutarch says in his "Life of Alexander," (chap. 36,) that the Greeks found in the treasury of the King of Persia, a large quantity of purple cloth, which was as beautiful as at first, though it was 190 years old.

The difficulty of collecting the purple juice, and the tedious complication of the dyeing process, made the purple wool of Tyre so expensive at Rome, that, in the time of Augustus, a pound of it cost nearly £30 of our money. Notwithstanding this enormous price, such was the wealth accumulated in that capital, that many of its leading citizens decorated themselves in purple attire, till the Emperors arrogated to themselves the privilege of wearing purple, and prohibited its use to every other person. This prohibition operated so much to discourage this curious art as eventually to occasion its extinction, first in the Western and then in the Eastern Empire, where, however, it existed in certain imperial manufactories till the eleventh century.

Dyeing was little cultivated in ancient Greece; the people of Athens wore generally woollen dresses of the natural colour. But the Romans must have bestowed some pains upon this art. In the games of the circus, parties were distinguished by colours. Four of these are described by Pliny, the green, the orange, the grey, and the white. The following ingredients were used by their dyers: a crude native alum, mixed with copperas, copperas itself, blue vitriol, alkannet, lichen rochellus, or archil, broom, madder, woad, nutgalls, the seeds of pomegranate, and of an Egyptian acacia.

Gage, Cole, Plumier, Reaumur, and Duhamel, have severally made researches concerning the colouring juices of shell-fish caught on various shores of the ocean, and

have succeeded in forming a purple dye, but they found it much inferior to that furnished by other means. The juice of the *buccinum* is at first white; it becomes by exposure to air of a yellowish green, bordering on blue; it afterwards reddens, and finally changes to a deep purple of considerable vivacity. These circumstances coincide with the minute description of the manner of catching the purple-dye shell-fish which we possess in the work of an eye-witness, Eudocia Mcremboitissa, daughter of the Emperor Constantine VIII., who lived in the eleventh century.

The moderns have obtained from the New World several dye-drugs unknown to the ancients; such as cochineal, quercitron, Brazil-wood, log-wood, annatto; and they have discovered the art of using indigo as a dye, which the Romans knew only as a pigment. But the vast superiority of our dyes over those of former times must be ascribed principally to the employment of pure alum and solution of tin as mordants, either alone or mixed with other bases; substances which give to our common dye-stuffs remarkable depth, durability, and lustre. Another improvement in dyeing, of more recent date, is the application to textile substances of metallic compounds, such as Prussian blue, chrome yellow, manganese brown, &c.

Indigo, the innoxious and beautiful product of an interesting tribe of tropical plants, which is adapted to form the most useful and substantial of all dyes, was actually denounced as a dangerous drug, and forbidden to be used, by our Parliament, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. An act was passed, authorizing searchers to burn both it and logwood in every dye-house where they could be found. This act remained in full force till the time of Charles II.; that is, for a great part of a century. A foreigner might have supposed that the legislators of England entertained such an affection for their native wood, with which their naked sires used to dye their skins in the old times, that they would allow no outlandish drug to come in competition with it. A most instructive book might be written illustrative of the evils inflicted upon Art, Manufactures, and Commerce, in consequence of the ignorance of the legislature.

We shall conclude our present notice of this highly interesting and instructive publication, by introducing, for the special benefit of our female readers, the following recipe for preparing *Eau de Cologne*, which Dr. Ure alleges may be reckoned authentic, "having been imparted by Farina himself to a friend."

Take sixty gallons of silent brandy: sage, and thyme, each six drachms; balm-mint, and spear-mint, each twelve ounces; calamus aromaticus, four drachms; root of

angelica, two drachms; camphor, one drachm; petals of roses and violets, each four ounces; flowers of lavender, two ounces; flowers of orange, four drachms; wormwood, one ounce; nutmegs, cloves, cassia lignea, mace, each four drachms. Two oranges and two lemons, cut in pieces. Allow the whole to macerate in the spirit during twenty-four hours, then distil off forty gallons by the heat of a water bath. Add to the product: essence of lemon, of cedar, of balm-mint, of lavender, each one ounce four drachms; neroli and essence of the seed of anthos, each four drachms; essence of jasmin, one ounce; of bergamot, twelve ounces. Filter, and preserve for use.

The Public Journals.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE, NOS. 1 AND 2.*

[The title of this new periodical for a moment misled us. We supposed it to mean those conspicuous personages, who, 'for a consideration,' and often, with a plentiful lack of consideration, condescendingly undertake the direction of the affairs of all the world. Instead of this we found, on opening the book, four spirited, engraved sketches of the *bona-fide* 'heads and shoulders,' with which nature invests all featherless bipeds; and, moreover, that induced look by which the countenance is wont to indicate the profession. The accompanying letter-press descriptions are cleverly written, and in the instances of 'The Dress Maker' and 'The Lawyer's Clerk,' touch upon a spot or two in our social system, which reiterated exposure and a more enlarged humanity must ultimately, and, for the sake of existing victims, we will hope, speedily, obliterate. From the former we shall extract a few passages; the whole article is, in a high degree, heart-stirring, and worthy of deep reflection:—]

Our little dress-maker has arrived at the work-room. After two or three hours, she takes her bread-and-butter, and warm adulterated water, denominated tea. Breakfast hurriedly over, she works under the rigid, scrutinizing eye of a task-mistress, some four hours more, and then proceeds to the important work of dinner. A scanty slice of meat, perhaps an egg—is produced from her basket: she dines, and sews again till five. Then comes again the fluid of the morning, and again the needle until eight. Hark! yes, that's eight now striking. "Thank heaven!" thinks our heroine, as she rises to put by her work, "the task for the day is done!"

At this moment, a thundering knock is heard at the door:—"The Duchess of Daffodil *must* have her robe by four to-morrow!"

Again the dress-maker's apprentice is made

* Tyns.

to take her place—again she resumes her thread and needle; and, perhaps, the clock is "beating one," as she again, jaded and half-dead with work, creeps to her lodging, and goes to bed, still haunted with the thought that as "the work is very back," she must be up by five to-morrow.

Beautiful and very beautiful are the dresses at a drawing-room! Surpassingly delightful, as minutely described in the columns of the "Morning Herald," and the "Morning Post!" To the rapt imagination they seem woven of "Iris' wool;" or things manufactured by the fairy queen, and her maids of honour: yet may imagination, if it will, see in the trappings, the work of penury, of patient suffering and scantily rewarded toil. How many sighs from modest humble worth have been breathed upon that lace? How much of the heart-ache has gone to the sewing of that flower? "All the beauty of the kingdom," says the Court Chronicler, for the thousandth time, "was at the drawing-room!" What! *all* the beauty in brocade, in satins, and in velvets? Is none left for humble gingham—none left for homespun stuff? Oh, yes! beauty that has grown pale at midnight, that wealthy beauty might shine with richer lustre the next court day! Beauty that has pined and withered in a garret, that sister beauty might be more beautiful in a carriage!

[We pass from this too-true picture to "The Diner-out," written by the same hand, but in another vein. That happy negation of all but the superficial virtues is described, as he must think, most invitingly.]

The Diner-out must be a man of very moderate humour—of the most temperate and considerate wit. It must be his first study to obtain and keep the character of a good-natured fellow, a most agreeable companion, at the same time rendering it impossible for those who praise him to tell the *why*, or the *wherefore*. We know that certain wags have blazed and coruscated, for a season or two, at a few tables, where are to be found the first delicacies of the season, whether of bird or beast, vegetable or man; the first pineapple, or the last author; but these wits are but for a few invitations; the regular professional diner-out, and it is of him we speak, is for all cloths. It must, therefore, be his study to display a certain good-natured dullness, an amiability that shall make him repress the brightest jest that ever fell from human lips, if by any possibility the unuttered joke could be thought to tell *against* one of the party; that one, it may be, happening to possess the noblest kitchen—the most glorious cellar: and, therefore, to be conciliated by a meek politeness, an attentive urbanity, that shall ensure the diner-out a future summons to his table: for it must be remembered that the diner-out, whilst apparently enjoying

the delights of the repast, and its after ease and hilarity, is indeed labouring to extend his connection. He is not asked to grace board or the strength of a new picture—a wonderful poem—a galvanic, man-eating, man-slaying novel, or the discovery of new self-supplying sugar-tongs, or for the great merit of having lived with the Esquimaux on wairus-flesh and train oil: our dinner-out feasts not upon *any* such adventitious, any such accidental principle, but upon higher deserts; yea, he obtains his turtle and burgundy from worthier, from more lasting causes; for in a very flutter of "delight" he helps any and every lady and gentleman to the wing of a chicken, and with a stereotype smile upon his face, is at a moment's notice prepared to be "but too happy" to "take wine" with all the world.

[The next sketch, "The Stock Broker," is as an Edinburgh critic, wrought up to an unvoiced pitch of enthusiasm, said of the acting of Mrs. Siddons,—"na bad," but we cannot spare room for an extract; and from "The Lawyer's Clerk,"* for the same reason, we shall only give enough to introduce two professional pleasantries:—]

Joe Granger loved his profession with a true devotion: he saw a beauty incomparable in declaration, and was in extacies at a special plea: with what a chuckle of delight would he receive a rule for leave to plead several matters; what a delicious prospect of complication did it open to him—he dreamt of the replications! Joseph had no notion of any promenade, save from the office to the Inner Temple or the courts of law; no idea of paying any visit but to the counsel retained for his client. His walk was a cross between a jump, run, and shuffle. He had his jests too: mirthful was he regarding such pleasant things as follow. One Salter (who was more devoted to pleasure than pleading) had attempted to serve a notice on another attorney; but, that gentleman being from home, he had, as was the custom, affixed the said notice to the door of his dwelling, but in the hurry of the moment, pasted it up with the written side to the wall. Here was a knotty point for the judges; the law never anticipated such a question; it demanded only that the notice be affixed, and, unlike the parents of *Billy Lacksday*, never intimated which side upwards. Another exquisite piece of drollery, pieced with perjury, threw him into convulsions, even the thousand and twentieth time of its narration. Mr. C. brought a demand of plea, when the opposite attorney was out, and put it through the interstice of the door into the letter-box, but instantly took it out again. He then signed judgment in default of a plea, and when it was attempted to set this judgment aside, he very coolly swore "he had duly served the notice by putting it into the letter-box of defendant's attorney,"

* By Leman Reade.

"He was n't obliged to swear that he *left it there*," added Granger, with a scream of delight.

[The engraved sketches in the second number are of the 'Lion of a Party,' 'The Medical Student,' 'The Maid of all Work,' and 'The Fashionable Physician.' They are fully equal in spirit and marking of character to those in the first. The descriptions offer nothing very extractable, though they are written with the necessary tact, and give evidence of a due observation of the 'Heads' of their discourse. Jerrold, Leman Reade, Cornelius Webbe, and other writers of reputation, are among the contributors.

The Drama.

THE BEGGER'S OPERA.

THAT this opera was written to satirize the courtiers, through the medium of ordinary characters, both the songs and dialogue attest. Party spirit at the time of its production was at its extremest height, and the paramount success of the opera may, in a great degree, be attributed to the frequency and point of its political allusions, which, if contemporary accounts may be accredited, were particularly applied by the partisans of either faction.

The character of *Peachum* was drawn after the model of Jonathan Wild, a celebrated thief and thief-taker, who had suffered for his notorious villainies about three years before the production of this opera, and *Peachum*, perusing his Tyburn list, was no more than the daily practice of Wild. Gay, however, by frequently comparing highwaymen to courtiers, and mixing political allusions, drew the attention of the public to the character of Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister, who, like most other prime ministers, had a strong party against him, who constantly took care to make or find a comparison between the two characters. A particular anecdote of this nature is told of Sir Robert, which shows what friends and enemies have long agreed in—viz., that he possessed a fund of good humour, which could scarcely be broken in upon by any accident, with a thorough knowledge of the English character.

In the scene where *Peachum* and *Lockit* are described settling their accounts, *Lockit* sings the song, "When youerasure the age," &c., which had such an effect on the audience, that, as if by instinct, the greater part of them threw their eyes on the stage-box, where the minister was sitting, and loudly encored it. Sir Robert saw this stroke instantly, and saw it with good humour and discretion; for no sooner was the song finished, than he encored it a second time

* The success of Addison's *Cato* was similarly promoted.

himself, joined in the general applause, and by this means brought the audience into so much good humour with him, that they gave him a general huzza from all parts of the house.

But, notwithstanding this escape, every night, and for many years afterwards, the *Beggar's Opera* was brought out, it is said, the minister (Sir Robert Walpole,) never could, with any satisfaction, be present at its representation, on account of the many allusions which the audience thought referred to his character. The first song was imagined to point to him; the name of *Bob Booty*, whenever mentioned, again raised the laugh against him; and the quarrelling scene between *Peachum* and *Lockit*, was so well understood at that time to allude to a recent quarrel between the two ministers, Lord Townshend and Sir Robert, that the house was in convulsions of applause.

The late Hare Walpole has explained the transaction; and, as it is rather curious, it may not be uninteresting to transcribe it:—

“ Walpole, after quitting the palace, in one of those conferences wherein he differed with Lord Townshend, soon after met him at Lord Selwyn's, Cleveland-court, in the presence of the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Pelham, Colonel and Mrs. Pelham. The conversation turned on a foreign negotiation, which, at the desire of Walpole, had been relinquished. Townshend, however, still required that the measure should be mentioned in the House of Commons, at the same time, that the House should be informed ‘that it was given up.’ Walpole objecting to this proposal as inexpedient, Townshend said, ‘since you object, and the House of Commons is more your affair than mine, I shall not persist in my opinion; but as I now give way, I cannot avoid observing that, upon my honour, I think that mode of proceeding would have been most advisable.’ Walpole, piqued at this expression, lost his temper, and said, ‘My Lord, for once, then, there is no man's sincerity which I doubt so much as yours; and never doubted it so much as when you are pleased to make such strong expressions.’ Townshend, incensed at this reproach, seized him by the collar. Sir Robert laid hold of his in return, and both at the same instant quitted their holds, and laid their hands on their swords. Mrs. Selwyn, alarmed, wanted to call the guard; but was prevented by Pelham, who made it up between them; though the contemptuous expressions used on this occasion, rendered all attempts to heal the breach ineffectual. This circumstance happened in the latter end of the year 1727, and the *Beggar's Opera* came out in 1728. Lord Townshend retired from all employments in the year 1730.”

It is, therefore, no wonder that a political *morceau* of this consequence should be preserved by Gay; and as the minister was not

only inimical to him and his party, but to the generality of the nation, the audience triumphed in this act of humiliation, and kept up the ridicule of the story for many years, which upon any other occasion would have died away.

Macklin was present at its first representation, and states its success to have been very doubtful until after the opening of the second act, when, after the chorus song of “Let us take the road,” the applause was as universal as unbounded. Notwithstanding, however, the adventitious circumstances which are stated to have originally promoted its success, there is no piece which enjoys more quiet possession of the stage, or which, when well cast, proves more beneficial to the treasury of the theatre; and there is none certainly which has tended more to establish performers as favourites with the public, from the original *Macheath*, *Polly*, *Lucy*, *Peachum*, and *Lockit*, to those of our own day.

The original *Polly*, Lavinia Fenton, was ennobled, being married to the Duke of Bolton.

To this opera there was no music originally intended to accompany the songs, till Rich, the manager, suggested it on the second rehearsal. The junto of wits who regularly attended, one and all objected to it; and it was given up until the Duchess of Queensberry (Gay's staunch patroness,) accidentally hearing of it, attended herself the next rehearsal, when it was tried and universally approved of.

The song, “The modes of the Court,” was written by Lord Chesterfield; “Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre,” by Sir Hanbury Williams; “When you censure the Age,” by Swift; and “Gamesters and Lawyers are jugglers alike,” supposed to be written by Mr. Fortescue, then Master of the Rolls.

The reception this celebrated opera met with in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, is too well known to need recital. In London, nothing stopped its progress through the course of the season but the benefit nights of the performers.

When Walker, the original, was performing *Macheath* the *seventy-second* night, he happened to be a little imperfect in the part, which Rich observing, called out to him on his return from the stage, “Holloa, Mister, I think your memory ought to be pretty good by this time!” — “And so it is,” said Walker; “but, zounds, sir! my memory is not to last for ever.”

Nor age, nor time, have been able to stale the character of this opera. Every species of performers have attempted it, from the theatres royal to barns and puppet-hows. Not longer ago than the year 1790 it was played at Barnstaple, in Devonshire, when *Macheath* had but one eye; *Polly* but one arm; the

song supported in the orchestra by a man who whistled the tunes, whilst the manager could not read.

In 1729, the Beggar's Opera was translated into French, and performed at the little theatre in the Haymarket.

In August, 1830, a provincial theatre, in the west of Ireland, lately announced the following bill of fare:—"On Monday will be performed, the *Beggar's Opera*, the part of *Flock* by Mr. Sweeney, with a horripile in letters, being his first appearance since he got out of jail."

In 1728, the Beggar's Opera was performed at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, by children; and that the childish exhibition might be supported in all its branches, the managers contrived to send a book of the songs across the stage by a flying Cupid to Prince Frederick of Wales.

The late celebrated comedian, Johnstone, played *Polly*,* in the above opera, to all the beauty of the town; and Charles Bannister also personated *Polly*, and Mr. Sedgwick *Lucy*, at the Haymarket Theatre. On June 13, 1829, the Beggar's Opera was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, for the benefit of Mr. Watson, with the characters reversed. The celebrated Reeve playing *Polly*, and Meadows *Lucy*. A Miss Hughes was to have personated *Lockit*, but before the night of performance she declined the character, and Miss C. Watson took the part. On this representation, a strong newspaper breeze sprung up, which occupied the attention of the play-going public for some time; some of the journals condemning the performance as highly indecent, while others extenuated the *travestie*. Sheridan's *Rivals*, we believe, was once similarly performed, with Munden, as *Mrs. Malaprop*. Harley has also played *Deborah Woodcock*; and Madame Vestris has personated *Macheath*; and she and many other ladies have represented the character of *Don Giovan*.

* Female characters were first performed by boys, or effeminate-looking young men. Thus Kynaston played *Juliet* to Betterton's *Romeo*. Andrew Penny-cuicke played the part of Matilda, in a tragedy of *Davesport's*, in 1656. Previous to the Restoration, women appeared on the stage only occasionally. Mrs. Coleman, it is said, was the first woman who appeared on an English stage; she represented *Janet*, in *D'Avenant's Siege of Rhodes*, in 1656: while others may it was Mrs. Betterton; and that Desdemona was the first character played by a woman, either by Mrs. Marshall, or Mrs. Hughes.² However strange it may appear, it should be remembered, that in the infancy of the English stage, whole plays were performed by the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel. While Tom Killigrew got up an entertainment called, *The Parson's Wedding*, which was acted by women only.

* In the Prologue written for the occasion were the following lines:

"Our women are defective, and so sized,
You'd think they were some of the guard disguis'd;
For, to speak truth, men set, that are between
Forty and fifty, wenchess of fifteen:
With bones so large, and nerves so incompliant,
When you call Desdemona, enter giant."

Fine Arts.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE ARTS OF PAINTING AND WRITING BY THE SAXON CLERGY.

St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, about the year 988, among his sacred duties, practised the arts of writing and painting. Hickes has engraved a figure of our Saviour, drawn by St. Dunstan, with a specimen of his writing, both remaining in the Bodleian library. The writing, and many of the pictures and illuminations in our Saxon manuscripts, were executed by the priests. A book of the gospel, preserved in the Cotton library, is a fine specimen of the Saxon calligraphy and decorations; it is written by Eadfrid, Bishop of Durham, in the most exquisite manner. Ethelwold, his successor, did the illuminations, the capital letters, the picture of the cross, and the evangelists, with infinite labour and elegance; and Bifred, the anachorite, covered the book, thus written and adorned, with gold and silver plates and precious stones. All this is related by Adfrid, the Saxon glossator, at the end of St. John's gospel. The work was finished about the year 720. Elfrin, a monk, is the elegant scribe of many Saxon pieces, chiefly historical and scriptural, in the Cotton library, and, perhaps, the painter of the figures, soon after the year 978. The Saxon copy of the four evangelists, which King Athelstan gave to Durham Church, remains in the same library: it has the painted images of St. Cuthbert, radiated and crowned, blessing King Athelstan, and of the four evangelists. At Trinity College, in Cambridge, is a Psalter, in Latin and Saxon, admirably written, and illuminated with letters in gold, silver, &c.; it is full of historical pictures. At the end is the figure of the writer, Eadwin, supposed to be a monk of Canterbury, holding a pen of metal, undoubtedly used in such sort of writing, with an inscription importing his name and excellence in the calligraphic art. It appears to be performed about the reign of King Stephen. Eadwin was a famous and frequent writer of books for the library of Christchurch, at Canterbury, as appears by a catalogue of their books taken A.D. 1315. The eight historical pictures, richly illuminated with gold, of the annunciation, the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth, &c., in a manuscript of the Gospel, are also thought to be of the reign of King Stephen. Ervane, one of the teachers of Wiston, Bishop of Worcester, perhaps a monk of Bury, was famous for calligraphy and skill in colours: to invite his pupils to read, he made use of a Psalter and Sacramentary, whose capital letters he had richly illuminated with gold: this was about the year 980. Herman, one of the Norman Bishops of Salisbury,

about 1080, condescended to write, bind, and illumine books.

In some of these instances we have wandered below the Saxon times; it is evident, indeed, that the religious practised these arts long afterwards: but the object of this notice was the existence of them among the Saxon clergy.

The Gatherer.

The effigy of King John in Worcester Cathedral, which, by the examination of the body of the monarch, was proved to present a facsimile of the royal robes in which he was interred, affords us a fine specimen of the royal costume of the period. A full robe, or super tunic of crimson damask, embroidered with gold, and descended to the mid-leg, is girdled round the waist with a golden belt studded with jewels, having a long end pendant in front. An under tunic of cloth of gold descends to the ankles, and a mantle of the same magnificent stuff, lined with green silk, depends from his shoulders; the hose are red, the shoes black, over which are fastened gilt spurs, by straps of silk, or cloth, of a light blue colour, striped with green or yellow, or gold. The collar and sleeves of the super tunic have borders of gold studded with jewels.—*Pictorial Shakespeare*.

At Bremen there is a wine-cellars, called the Store, where five hogsheads of Flemish wine have been preserved since the year 1625. These five hogsheads cost 1,200 francs. Had this sum been put out to compound interest, each hogshead would now be worth above a thousand millions of money: a bottle of this precious wine would cost 21,799,480 francs; and a single wine-glass 2,723,000 francs, (or about 110,000/- English.)

Singular Request to a Dying Man.—An old veteran cock-feeder, named Sammy Hilton, was on his death-bed, when he was visited by another of the same fraternity from the neighbourhood of Oldham. As the way in which the Oldhamite visited the dying man is very ludicrous, we give a portion of the language, which was as follows:—“ Well, Sammy, aw suppose thaw knut ut thaw as no lung to live?” “ Aw feekon not,” answered the old man. “ Well, Sammy, aw summon to axe thee before thaw dees; it will be o’ no use to thee, neaw ut thaw art for deeing. Aw want to see if thaw will tell me, as a secret, whot thaw used to give thy cocks for o’ springer before they were going to feight, us it will be o’ greet use to me?” “ It never shall,” replied the dying man, “ for I will never tell either thee or any other person.” The Oldham cocker had to return home again, sadly disappointed that he had not got the springing secret. Sammy died the same day.

Insane persons, on an average, eat twice as much as sane persons, and they absolutely

require more food than people in sound mind and body.—*Knight on Insanity*.

In the 48th year of the reign of Henry the Third, as appears from the patent rolls of that year, quoted by Philipot, the king granted a free pardon to Frances de Balsham, for that she was hanged for felony at Canterbury, from nine o’clock on Monday to the rising of the sun next day, and yet was still alive.”

About the year 800, the Persians imported into Europe a machine, which presented the first rudiments of a striking clock. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne, from Abdella, King of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem: among the presents, was an horologe of brass, wonderfully constructed by some mechanical artifice, in which the course of the twelve hours, by means of little brass balls, which, at the close of each hour, dropped down on a sort of bells underneath, and sounded the end of the hour. There were also twelve figures of horsemen, who, when the twelve hours were completed, issued out at twelve windows, which till then still open, and returning again, shut the windows after them.

Water for the Metropolis.—There are in London eight public water companies, namely, the New River, which supplies 73,212 houses with an average daily quantity of 241 gallons, at an annual charge of 14. 6s. 6d. per house; the East London, 46,491 houses, with 120 gallons, at 14. 2s. 9d.; the Lambeth, 16,682 houses, with 124 gallons, at 17s.; the West Middlesex, 16,000 houses, with 185 gallons, at 24. 16s. 10d.; the Chelsea, 13,391 houses, with 168 gallons, at 17. 13s. 3d.; the South London, 12,046 houses, with 100 gallons, at 15s.; the Grand Junction, 11,140 houses, with 350 gallons, at 2L. 8s. 6d.; and the Southwark, 7,100 houses, with 156 gallons, at 14. 1s. 3d. per annum.

Rose Trees.—“ There is a classical custom observed, says Camden, in his “ Britannia,” 1603, “ time out of minde, at Oakley, in Surrey, of planting rose trees on the graves, especially of the young men and maidens, so that this church-yarde is full of them. It is the more remarkable, since it was anciently used both among the Greeks and Romans, who were so very religious in it, that we find it often annexed as a codicil to their wills (as appears by an old inscription at Ravenna), by which they ordered roses to be yearly strewed and planted on their graves. Old Anacreon, speaking of it, says that it doth protect the dead.”

Men are all brothers, and they ought to be all friends.—*Rousseau*.

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